

206
OVID'S
ART of LOVE.

WITH

Hero and Leander

OF

MUSAEUS.

From the GREEK.

Translated by several Hands.

— *Probet Hæc Octavius Optimus, atq;
Fuscus, & hæc utinam Viscorum laudet uterq;!* Hor.

L O N D O N,

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(I)

OVID

DE ARTE AMANDI:

OR,

The Art of Love.

THE FIRST BOOK.

*Me Venus Artificem tenero præfecit Amori,
Typhis, & Automedon dicat Amoris ego.*

OVID.

IF in this Town an unflusht Puny be,
Unpractis'd in Loves weighty Mystery,
Let him a while these pow'rful Precepts prove,
And proceed Master in the Art of Love.

B

By

By Art swift Ships to their lov'd Port arrive,
 By Art our Charriots in the *Circus* drive:
 And who in Love would his great end attain,
 Must guide the Boy too with an Artful Rein.
Automedon by Charriots got a Name,
 And steering *Argo* purchas'd *Typhis* Fame;
 Great *Venus* to my Charge commits her Son,
 Call me his *Typhis*, his *Automedon*.
 Tho the wild Thing my Counsel oft reject,
 Yet tender years excuse the Boys neglect,
 And promise for the future more respect.
 Thus Reverend *Chiron* (as 'tis said) of old,
 To Musick did his young *Achilles* mould.
 The gentle Art his roughness soon refin'd,
 Soft'ning the growing Passions of his Mind.
 He, whom all sides so much, so often fear'd,
 Stood then in awe of that old Rev'rend Bard.
 Those Hands by which great *Hector* after fell,
 Submitted then t' an angry Tutor's will.

Chiron

Chiron t' *Achilles*, I Love's Tutor am,
Both stubborn Boys, both born of heav'nly Dame.
Yet ev'n the stubborn Oxe is brought to plow,
The generous Horse the Curb to undergo.
Love to my Menage shall at last submit,
Shall bear the Yoke, or shall indure the Bitt.
Tho I severely may too often feel
His fiercest Flames and most revengeful Steel,
Yet still the deeper me his Arrows wound,
The greater Rage shall in my Flames be found;
The more experienc'd, better arm'd I'll be,
T'avenge past wounds, and future to foresee.
My self by Heav'n inspir'd I'll not pretend,
No flatt'ring Augurys the Work commend.
No *Clio* e'r (I'll own't) to me appear'd,
While I in *Ascræ's* Vales sang to my Herd.
The Use alone does these Essays produce,
The Universal, Beneficial Use.

4 OVID *De Arte Amandi*, or

May the great Queen of Love alone preside,
 While I her thro-pac'd Poet am obey'd.
 But fly my words, ye Chaster Ladies fly,
 Whom Marriage Vows, or Virgin Honour ty.
 I dare not tempt fair Innocence astray,
 Or seduc'd Virtue to Disgrace betray.
 Nor would my harmless, lewd, well-meaning Song
 Provoke the Great, or Jealous Kinsmen wrong.
 I no such dangerous Intrigues would teach,
 But pleasant Stealths, yet lawful Pleasure preach.
 Their private Lordships undisturb'd may ly,
 While, Heav'n be prais'd, the Common Fields sup-
 Sufficient Quarry for my Muse to fly. (ply)

First then, Young Lover Voluntier, who'd be
 In Loves Militia now inroll'd by me,
 First of thy Love a worthy Object find,
 Next to Compliance work her gentle Mind:
 And if long Life thy happy Passion crown,
 That one Point gain'd, the mighty Work is done.

To

To keep this Method , trace these ways I'll strive,
And to these ends shall all my Precepts drive.
Whil'st thou'rt yet free, and at thy own command,
Let a nice Judgment thy first Choice befriend.
Chuse one so worthy , thou may'st justly say ,
You've got, and best deserve my Heart away.
Expect not she should drop down from above ,
And like a Gawdy Meteor court thy Love.
No Mistress e'r was look'd for from the Clouds ,
Your Eye must single'r from the meaner Crouds.
The Huntsman knows where proper Toils to spread,
Where tim'rous Deer, where dreadful Bores are fed.
The Skilful Fowler the us'd Haunts of Prey,
The Patient Angler where the Fish do play.
And thou, who would'st enjoy a lasting Fame,
Must know the Haunts and Concourse of thy Game.
I send thee not to tempt the Seas or Wind ,
Prescribe no Pilgrimage this Heav'n to find.

Let

8 OVID *De Arte Amandi*, or

Let far-fetch'd Indian Beauty *Perseus* please,
 And dear bought *Hellen* give her *Trojan* ease;
Rome can such Eyes, so numberless supply,
 You'd swear 'twere Beauties Grand Monopoly.
 Count all the Grains which fruitful *Autumns* bear,
 The Fish i'th' Sea, the Birds that swim i'th' Air.
 Count all the Stars those endless Sums of Gold,
 Then may the Beauties of thy *Rome* be told.
 If blooming Years, and untaught Beauty please,
 Those raw untaught Things may be found with ease.
 If in the Prime they more delight your Eye,
 Ten thousand in the Prime of Beauty vye;
 You'll be confounded with variety. }
 Or it some grave, some serious Piece you'd have,
 You'll find e'en some so serious, and so grave.

Be sure to linger at due time of day
 In *Pompey's* Porch a few loose hours away.
 And fail not at that Temple to appear,
 Where o'r *Adonis* *Venus* drops a Tear.

At

At *Ifis* Temple frequently be seen,
She many makes what she to *Jove* has been.
In Noisy Courts those daring Eyes are found,
Which in the face of Publick Justice wound.
Resistless Beauty there the Lawyer awes,
He'd put a Caveat in his proper Cause.
There often words the greatest Pleader fail,
H'has Business of his own, and can't prevail.
While *Venus* smiling from her Temple spies
The Patron cringing in a Clients Guise.
But most of all the Theaters frequent,
There thou may'st fate thy greedy Fancy's bent;
May'st find some worthy of a constant Love;
Some pow'rful only to divert not move.
As hurrying Ants in busie numbers rome,
While each removes his little Harvest home:
Or as the Bees in swarms delight to dwell,
Where fragrant Flow'rs and stores of Honey cell.

So

So to New Plays the finest Women haste ,
The plenty oft to me has spoil'd the Feast.
No flight Engagements do them thither call ;
The Play , the Sparks , and to out-shine 'em all.
Great *Romulus* these Plays did first ordain,
When ravisht *Sabine* Wives supply'd his Men.
No well-built House in those unpolisht Days ,
Or curious Scenes excus'd the rough-drawn Plays:
Some broken Boughs in rude Disorder plac'd ,
Were the Wild Scenes , his Rustick *Op'ra* grac'd.
On the green Turff the rough Spectator fate ,
Sheltring his grissled Head with leaves from Heat.
Each to himself the while designs his Lass ,
And fresh Resolves his alter'd Fancy pass .
While *Tuscan* Hind, shaking his Head, begun
On squeaking Reeds the lewd Fantastick Tune:
A *Lydian* Maurice to it shakes his Feet ,
In Dance as odd and wretched as the Meet.

While

The Art of LOVE.

While Clamours and Applauses fill'd the Air,
(No Arts, or Factions bought Applauses there.)
The sign is giv'n, nor can they longer stay,
With violent Hands they seiz'd the trembling Prey,
As tim'rous Doves the hungry Eagles fly,
Or tender Lambs their rav'nous Enemy.
No less did these the boist'rous Souldiers dread:
All Life and Colour from their Faces fled,
In all was found an Universal Fear,
Which in each Face a diff'rent Shape did wear.
Some their Rich Locks, and Beauteous Faces tear,
Revengeing on themselves the Wrongs they bear.
Forc'd by an En'my to resign the Place,
They waste the Treasures, and the Works deface:
Others the Air with fruitless Laments wound,
The Groves and pitying Rocks their Cries rebound,
The Men alone unmov'd resist the sound.
Some mournful Sighs and silent Tears let fall,
Others in vain their helpless Mothers call.

C

Others

Here some complaining, others in amaze;
There one would fly, another doubting stays.
The ravisht Maids by force are dragg'd away,
And some their treach'rous miseries betray, }
Adding new Beauty to their Clouded Day.
Great *Romulus* could humour Souldiers best,
On such Incouragement my self I'd list.
And from that time the Theatres remain,
Renown'd for Killing Eyes, and Lovers slain.
Next, let the Horse-race ne'r escape your sight,
The Circ' has great Convenience for Delight.
No Mimic Signs need tell the Secret there,
Nor Artful Nodds back Assignations bear.
Place thy self boldly next the tempting She,
The Priv'ledg'd Place allows that Liberty,
To usher then thy new Acquaintance in,
Inquire and tell the News till they begin.
Fail not to learn whose Horses run that day,
And if she favours one, incline that way.

Or

Or when the Crowd and spurring Youths appear,
Applaud, incourage, and dislike with her.
If the Dust chance to settle on her Gown,
Be ready still to brush or shake it down.
Or tho no Dust be so presuming found,
Find the No-dust, and shake it on the Ground.
The least Occasions for thy Service take,
If true Occasions fail, pretended make.
If her long Train fall loosely on the Floor,
Do thou the Train to her fair Hands restore.
Be careful too lest those who sit behind,
With their rude Knees her tender Back offend.
These little Things with that soft Sex prevail,
Nay the least Offices most seldom fail.
To some of mighty consequence t'has been,
To've plac'd the Cushion well for her to lean.
Others have gain'd the Point, have been the Men,
For dext'rous menaging the Lady's Fan.

Thus far the *Circus* to th' Amour makes way ;
Or the fam'd *Area* where the Fencers play.
Oft *Venus*'s Son has in that *Area* fought,
And he who came to see a wound has caught.
While he talks loud, fools with her Hand and smiles,
And proffers Wagers which the other foils ;
Himself has smarted by a sudden Blow ,
Has born his part in the unhappy Show.
When *Cæsar* lately his Mock-Sea-fight made,
And meeting Ships their Waving Flags display'd :
From all part Youth and flocking Beauty prest,
Rome seem'd of all her Vassal World possest.
But oh ! who 'scap'd in that unlucky Day ?
What Crowds of Slaves did Beauty lead away ?

New Eagles now their threat'ning Wings display,
Rais'd to compleat the Universal Sway.
The farthest East shall yield to *Roman* Steel ,
And *Parthians* our severest Vengeance feel.

Rejoyce

Rejoyce ye *Craffi*, now, blest Shades rejoyce,
Who bravely fell a Noble Sacrifice.
A Princely Youth comes to revenge your Blood,
Great 'bove his years, and 'bove his Greatness good.
His tender years with early Honours bloom.
And grasp at halting Conquests, e'r they come.
A Godlike Genius, and Heroic Mind,
Attended with this constant proof we find:
They pass those Stops we make with brave Disdain,
And seem to wait the slow-pac'd years with pain.
The Infant *Hercules* with Serpents strove,
His very Cradle prov'd his Claim to *Jove*.
May thy Great Fathers Fortunes lead thee on,
And may they ne'r, Blest Youth, thy Side disown!
The Conscious Poisons which their Arrows head,
Shew what ill helps a guilty Cause will need:
While Justice draws the Nobler Sword you wear,
And o'r your Standards Right and Truth appear.

In

In the nice Ballance of strict Justice weigh'd,
Their Cause is vanquish'd, and thy Pow'r obey'd.
Methinks, I spy (Prophetic Poets see
Half-form'd Events, which in their Causes be.)
I spy the Wreaths on thy Victorious Brow,
And haste to pay a Loyal Poet's Vow.
Farewell fond Love, and this soft Darling Verse,
Great Numbers shall thy greater Deeds rehearse.
I'll draw thee speaking at the Armies Head,
Confirming Valour, and expelling Dread.
But oh! my Thoughts, I fear, will ill express
The Charms, the Life, the Soul of thy Address.
I'll draw thy *Romans* dreadful to the Sight,
And *Parthians* shooting in their scatter'd Flight.
Base *Parthians* of your wish'd success despair,
That Form of War does no good Omen bear.
The day shall come, when with thy Vanquish'd Prize,
(O Wonder and Delight of all our Eyes!)

Thou

Thou shalt return with Honour from the War,
And Milk-white Steeds draw thy Triumphant Carr;
Before their great Commanders shall appear:
Secur'd with Chains from their own Native Fear.
The Youth shall flock; and Ladies blest that day.
While Lambent Joy shall on all Faces play.

If thy fair Neighbour prove so curious there,
T'enquire what Names the Captive Princes bear,
What Towns those Mystic Pageants represent,
What Hills, or Rivers are by th' other meant?
Answer to all; what she ne'r question'd tell;
Tho stranger to the things, yet know 'em well.
This is *Euphrates* with green Sedges crown'd,
That blew-lockt *Tygris* for swift Course renown'd.
Armenians these, this Countrey *Persis* call,
And this some City in an Eastern Vale.
This, and this, Princes make, and Titles name;
And plausible at least, tho false ones, frame.

Much

Much Love too has began at Public Feasts, (Guests:
 Where more than Wine oft warms th'unguarded
 When Fumes of Wine have damp't his flagging
 The Boy sinks in, and settles where he comes. (Plumes,
 He wildly shakes his dropping Wings o'r all,
 But wo the Breasts on which those Drops do fall!
 Wine Courage gives; Wine for her Love prepares;
 Wine drowns the Thoughts of all uneasy Cares.
 Mirth revels then; poor Men talk loud and great;
 And Grief is banish'd the Free happy State.
 Then Truth in Words, and only then, is found,
 And Plainness in our Actions does abound;
 The mighty god does all Disguises drown.
 Then Beauty-struck have many Lovers bled,
 While Wine has Love, one Flame another, fed.
 But Thou with Caution trust the treach'rous Light,
 Suspect those partial Judges, Wine and Night.
Paris by day did the Great Rivals view,
 When he declar'd the Ball to *Venus* due.

Night

Night hides all Faults, does all Defects conceal ;
And ev'ry Hag has power then to kill.
Why should I tire thy worn out patience more ,
With Haunts un-nam'd, and numberless in store:
Or to the *Bajæ*, or the *Bath* direct ;
Or the Fam'd Wells which barren Wives affect:
There some , who with them no ill symptoms
brought ,
Have by their Curious Folly Feavors caught.
And ev'ry Morn in vain the Waters blame,
That quench not, but increafe a Lover's Flame.

Thus far my Verse has taught thy Game to find ,
And where to spread thy Toils to take the Hind.
The next Task is , what little Arts to use ,
The doubting, tim'rous Creature to seduce.
I charge ye, Lovers all, I charge y' attend,
And all your Wishes, your best Wishes lend.

D

First,

First, In th' Address a good Assurance shew,
Believe all Mortal, and you'll find 'em so.
Sooner shall Birds leave chirping in the Spring,
In Autumn Grasshoppers forbear to sing.
The gen'rous Dog neglect his wonted Prey,
And tim'rous Hares before him safely play,
Than Woman once assail'd, shall keep the Field,
Or gently sooth'd by Youth forget to yield.
She whom you least suspect, you know so well,
You'd swear for her, if press'd, you'll find she will!
As us, those pleasant Stealths do them delight;
But they best hide the greedier Appetite.
'Twere well would Men a while forbear to ask,
How soon would they embrace the needful Task!
So neighing Mares before their Horses sport,
And stately Bulls, the wanton Females, court.
Our mod'rate Passion claims a gentle Name,
A lasting Fire, yet no Devouring Flame.

While

While *Byblis* do's of Impious Fires complain,
 But a Love Knot ends, with her Life, the Pain.
Myrrha too far her Father's Love enjoy'd,
 And now her Blushes her own Barque does hide.
 Hot *Scylla* stole her Father's Purple Hair,
 And her lewd Lust does Dogs and Monsters wear.
 An hundred Instances I might produce,
 But let One here suffice for present use.

A Noble Bull once fed near Shady *Ide*,
 The Envy of the Herds, and of those Plains the Pride.
 One Spot alone adorn'd his awful Brow,
 The rest was a continu'd Robe of Snow.
Cydonian him, and *Cnossian* Heifers please,
 A full Seragl' of Beauteous Mistresses.
 The *Cretan* Queen too by his Form subdu'd,
 With Jealous Eyes the Rival Heifers view'd.
 (I tell known Truths, such as *Crete* scarce denies,
Crete fam'd for Cities much, but more for Lies.

She strips fresh Leaves, & new-mow'd Pastures rakes,
And her own Hand the welcome present makes.
She loves t'attend, to dwell among the Herds,
Nor ought her State, or *Mino's*, now regards.
In vain, fond Queen, you rich Embroid'ry use,
Your rude Gallant no such Distinction knows.
In vain you bring your flatt'ring Glasses there,
And in new shapes so often set your Hair.
At least believe what your own Glasses shew.
Believe no Horns on that fair Fore-head grow.
Oft, while she saw some wanton Heifer play,
Her heedless Passion was o'r-heard to say,
(Scorn on her Look, and Anger in her Word.)
"And can that Creature please my Dearest Lord?
"Yet see it dances o'r the tender Grass,
"And, silly Thing! no doubt, pretends to please!
Then damn'd the Beast to the laborious Plow,
Or made her die, to pay some trivial Vow.

And

And while her cruel Eyes enjoy'd the Sight,
Her Tongue would share the barbarous Delight.
Go (said she) happy Rival to thy Queen!
Go, please the Thing thy Lady loves agen!
In all these Crimes did Woman Lust engage,
'Tis fiercer much than ours, and more a Rage.
Despair not then to make them all comply,
You'll find scarce One in Ten who dares deny.
Yet those who yield, or stand a faint Denial,
Indiff'rently all enjoy the Trial.

Or should the end thy flatter'd Hopes defeat,
Still there is left thee a secure Retreat.

But why should'st thou retreat, when they agree,
In Good and Common Principles with Thee?
And hold thy Change, and Dear Variety!

Their Neighbours Field still brings a Plenteous Birth,
While their poor Close is dry and worn-out Earth!
Their Neighbours Kine can half the Town supply,
While they want Milk, and must be forc'd to buy.

But

But first an Int'rest in her Maid secure,
She may thy easier Access procure.
And chuse the nearest to her Ladies Heart,
Who in all Frolicks bears a Second's part;
The Confident where she secure esteems
Her loosest Wishes, and her softest Dreams.
With Promises and Oaths this Out-work win,
And you with ease may gain the Fort within.
Let her discover when sh' unguarded lies,
And tell the proper Minute to surprise.
When neither Cares nor Grievs depress her Mind,
Love unperceiv'd does a free Entrance find.
Troy while oppress'd, the fam'd long Siege maintain'd,
One Holy-day the Horses Entrance gain'd.
A well-tim'd Visit may thy Bus'ness do,
While some new Miss sits heavy on her Brow.
Call him ungrateful, Traitor to her Love,
Let ev'ry Circumstance his Guilt improve.

Raife

Raise her swoll'n Passion, and insinuate then
The sweet Revenge on such a Perjur'd Man!
Next Morn her Woman while she combs her Head,
May urge and second what o'r Night you said.
Then to her self — And can there be no way,
Ye Pow'rs! such Matchless Falshood to repay!
Then mention you, and your fine Person praise,
Your sweet Address, and most obliging ways.
Then vow how much you'r alter'd; how you sigh;
And that for her you look pale and die.
Appear your self now e'r her Anger cool,
The least Delay your fairest Hopes may fool.
You'd know now whether I'd that Point admit,
To bribe her Woman with a Taste of it.
Consult for that the Dictates of your Sense,
If it do well, or ill, is meerly chance.
She'll get a private Int'rest of her own;
If not; your main Design goes on alone.

There-

Therefore make use of my approv'd Advice,
Venture at all, and never break the Ice.
But if, when the dear Billet she conveys,
Her Face, as well as Conduct chance to please,
First let her Lady bless thy ravish'd Sense,
Then enjoy her as an Appurtenance.
But one thing I enjoyn you by my Art,
Never attempt, or th'rowly act, this part.
If once she share the Crime, you'r sure to thrive,
None e'r betray the Cheat by which they live.
Then all their Words and Actions you shall have,
What Pleasure this, and what Distaste that gave.
Conceal but thy Intelligence with care,
And all her Lady's Grand *Arcana* hear.

All Months (we see) to Seed-time don't agree ;
All Seasons are not safe to put to Sea :
Nor at all Times is flatter'd Beauty won ,
Oft the same Things, if duly tim'd , had done.

If

If she prepare for Jovial Birth-day Rites ;
 Or the dear Calends in which *Mars* delights,
 Or if the Circ' unusual Riches shew ,
 Adorn'd with Spoils to Forreign Conquests due.
 A luckier Minute for thy Bus'ness find ,
 Brave not the Malice of the threatning Wind.
 Weather and Storms forbid thy rash design,
 And all the *Stars* against thy Love combine.
 The Unexperienc'd Wretch who then puts out ,
 Deserves that Shipwrack which his Folly bought.
 On that sad Day you may Reception gain ,
 When *Allia* flow'd with Gore of *Romans* slain ;
 Or the strict Sabbath of the Scrup'lous *Jew* ,
 A time unfit for ought but Love and You.
 Yet to her Birth-day due Devotion pay ,
 The Lovers Ancient , greatest Holyday.
 If you present her , chuse that woful Time ,
 When a Wet Day has spoil'd some Grand Design.

A Present then will make thy Heaven clear,
Scatt'ring the Clouds which on her Face appear.
Do what you can, sometimes she'll take that Hold,
And try how much your Love out-weighs your Gold.
Woman that blessed Sov'raign Art has found,
With his own Gold to ease her Lovers Wound!
The Toy-man shall by Accident be there,
And in your sight display his Costly Ware;
She begs you'd look on them, and if you please,
Lend your Advice, and shew your Skill in these.
Then clips your Check, or drops a melting Kiss;
And would ye? — She strange taking has to This,
Swears 'twould her Wish for ever satisfy:
She wants it now, now is the Time to buy.
You Lofs at Play, or bad Returns pretend,
But the kind Rascal will accept your Hand.
Now she wants Money for her Birth-day Treat,
And must new Birth-days, when she will Create.

Now

Now she must cheat you with a lying Mone,
How from her Ear she dropt the Richest Stone.
Anon must borrow what she'll ne'r repay,
This is unthankt for, meerly thrown away.
Their Endless Cheats to teach 'twere vain to try,
An hundred Tongues could not perform th' Employ.

At first with flatt'ring Letters break the Way,
Sound her good Humour, and thy Love convey.
In these thy softest, tend'rest Things produce,
With all the Endearments Kindest Lovers use:
Put off thy Quality (whate'r thou art :)
And humbly act the Pleading Suitors part.
Thus *Priam* did, the surly Greek to please ;
Submissive Prayers the Angry Heavens appease.
Yet promise fair, no harm is done by that ,
Fair Promises ne'r run out an Estate.
If you'r believ'd, Hope long her Head will fill,
Hope a convenient, tho deceitful Ill;

If once you've paid for't, she may well refuse ;
She has made her Market, and can nothing lose.
Yet seem just giving, tho you nothing give ;
So barren Grounds the Farmers Hopes deceive.
S'enrag'd at's loss, the Gamester loses on ,
Till by the wheedling Dice he's quite undon.
But the main end of all your toil and pain ,
Is the first Blessing *gratis* to obtain.
When once her Love is a free Present made,
Self Int'rest can't thy Property invade.
Send then ; but dress thy Passion with such Art ,
Thy written Pains may wound her tender Heart.
Cydippe once the fatal Letter read ,
And found too late the Words her Heart betray'd:
I charge ye, *Roman* youth, I charge ye all ,
('Tis I your Great Professor on you call ,)
Some years let Arts and noble Studies have ,
For greater Ends than trembling Guilt to save.

The

The People, Senate, Bench, shall then submit,
But these are common small Effects of it;
Beauty shall own the Sov'reign Pow'r of Wit.
But hide with care your Pow'rful Talent there,
And strive not Fine and Florid to appear.
Let Gawdy Fops to their Dear She's declaim,
And to strain'd Figures wreck their tortur'd Flame.
But never let thy Sense presume to fly,
Beyond the Rules of Probability.
Thy words be tender, yet familiar too,
Nor Study ought, or Affectation shew.
If she unread return your Letter back;
Hope still; nor let ill Luck your Purpose break.
Only be constant to thy first Design,
Were she *Penelope* she should be thine:
Troy held out long, but did at last resign.
But if she reads, and will no Answer give,
Urge not an Answer; let her more receive.

Who

Who receives all, to write will soon be brought,
Those Favors must by slow degrees be got.
At first a Melancholy Piece you'll have,
Desiring you such vain Requests would wave:
Yet fears you should believe that they are vain,
And hopes you'll have the Heart to try again.
Such little Arts as these at Cards they use,
To make us dare, they tell us we shall lose.
Yet he that ventures oft defeats their Aim;
They curse his Fortune, and yield up the Game.

And after this, where e'r her Chair you meet,
Make your Addresses in the open Street.
But lest some treach'rous Ear should hear th' offence,
In doubtful Terms disguise thy private Sense.
If she at night i'th' Portico appear,
Chuse the same Walks, and feign Delays with Her.
Oft cross her way, as though by chance 'twere done,
A Complement the Rudeness may atone.

And

And still near her at th' Theatre appear,
Her Presence claims thy due Attendance there.
There thou may'st feast thy Eyes with dear Delight,
While Looks and Gestures thy Desires-indite,
The secret Characters which Nature writes.
The new-past Antic Dance to her commend,
And fail not the poor Lover to be-friend.
Rise when she stands, and when she pleases sit,
To lose the time at her Dispose submit.

But be not nice to curl or set thy Hair,
Paint not in hopes of being call'd the Fair.
Let *Rhea's* Priests those Womans Arts invade,
For Softness and Effeminacy made.
A free indifferency suits our Temper best;
Theseus obtain'd his Lady tho ill-drest.
With joy the Goddess met *Adonis* flame,
Tho wild and rough, as his lov'd Woods he came.
But for the little Niceties of Dress,
Let Fops and Women their dear own possess.

But

But *Bacchus* now requires my grateful Verse,
An Amorous Adventure to rehearse ;
Who always aid to painful Lovers dealt;
Fav'ring the Flames, whose rage himself had felt.
Her woful Fate on *Dia's* Foreign Shore,
Forfaken *Ariadne* did deplore ;
Loose and neglected flew her Morning Gown,
Naked her Feet, her lovely Locks hung down :
And *Theseus* ! Cruel *Theseus* ! oft she said,
But her Complaints to the Deaf Waves were made-
On *Theseus* Name she call'd, and tore her Hair,
But this Distraction made her look more Fair.
She wept, nor did her Tears become her less,
Charming she look'd even in Sorrows Dress.
She beat her Breasts, and cry'd, Perfidious He
Is gone ! What shall become of Helpless Me !
What shall become of Me ! — But here the sound
Of Drums and Trumpets her loud Sorrows drown.

And

And Troops of Frantick Bacchannals appear,
Heightning her Grief with a new Scene of Fear.
At first with pity she the Sight did view, (too.
Thinking some *Theseus* might have wrong'd them
Till the rough Satyrs next came leaping by,
The Wild Attendants of this Deity.
Silenus on his Afs did first appear,
Doting, and Drunk, and more a Brute than her.
All their Dull Jests on Beast and Rider throw,
And grieve and fret the Drunkard as they go.
Such Madness and Disorder they invent,
Th' unruly Power of *Bacchus* to present.
The Youthful God behind the Tumult shines.
His Charriot cover'd o'r with fruitful Vines,
His Golden Curbs the harness'd Tygers aw,
Which with fierce Pride express what God they draw.
Her Voice and Colour left her at the sight,
And when she strove to fly, Fear stopp'd her Flight:

F

“Madam,

“Madam, (so he begins) banish your Fear,
“For *Thesews* lost, you’ve found a Deity here.
“He, Faithless Man, abus’d your Constant Flame;
“But Gods by Nature always are the same.
This said, he leap’d from his Triumphant Carr,
Willing t’oblige the Lady’s needless Fear.
Then in his Arms (for how could she resist?)
Possess’d her Love, as Gods do what they list.
Part of his Train loud Odes to *Hymen* sing,
And part the Triumphs of their Mighty King.
Thus the Fair Bride Immortal Joys did taste,
Thus the Great God another Heaven possess.

Therefore if e’r when Mirth and Wine invite,
The Dear Fair She shall thy next Neighbour sit,
Much there in dubious Words you may let fly,
Which She alone shall to her self apply.
Or with spilt Wine upon the Table write,
The softest Things thy hasty Thoughts indite.

While

While unacquainted with the close Design,
Sh'admits a Servant as she reads the Wine.
Or let thy Eyes to hers thy Flames impart;
They best Translate the Language of the Heart.
It loses much, if the false Tongue declare it.
Some sweet soft Grace in Looks we often dress,
Whose Images faint Words could ne'r express.
Observe to catch the Bowl from her fair Hand,
And drinking where she kiss'd; the Wine commend.
Observe to reach from the same Dish with Her,
And let your Hand oft meet, and kiss Hers there.
To gain the Husband be thy next Design,
Make him thy Friend, and he will make her thine.
From thy own Head to him thy Roses send;
Begin his Health; or pledge your new-made Friend.
Tho of low Rank, and meaner Quality,
Make him first serv'd, make him take place of thee.
Or tho his Talk betray some want of Sense,
Yet sooth and second his Impertinence.

No way more safe, none of more common use,
Then to caress the Friend, the Man t'abuse.
And this the Standard of thy Drinking make,
That thy Feet trip not, or thy Tongue mistake.
But most avoid abusive scurrilous Words,
Too often seconded by Fatal Swords.
Let Wit alone, and Pleasantness be found;
And travel with the Wine the happy Round.
If it oblige, be won to Sing, or Dance;
Or whate'r else Diverſion may advance.
Tho real Drunkenness oft your aim defeat,
A well-feign'd Stamm'ring proves a useful Cheat.
Then the loose Words your wanton Tongue escape,
You'll hear imputed to the Juice of th' Grape!
Then your fair Neighbour t'all the Table praise,
Praise the Blest Man whom those soft Arms embrace.
But now the Feast is done, the Guests remove,
And free Access is made for you and Love.

While

While the kind Hour admits to break your Mind,
Let Rustick Bathfulness no entrance find.
Fortune and *Venus* in that point agree,
To help the Bold, and to advance the Free.
'Twere vain Set Forms of Eloquence to shew,
Only begin, and all you say are so.
Here you must act (at least) the Lovers part,
Expressing lively to her Sense your Heart,
Till at each Word she seems to feel the smart.
Fear not of all an easie Faith to gain,
For the whole Sex thinks they deserve your pain.
The most Deform'd Neglected Thing of all,
Will find ye something she shall Beauty call.
But oft true Passion does succeed the Cheat,
And real Love displace the Counterfeit.
Ye Ladies then to all, your Smiles dispence,
'Twill soon be Love, which was at first pretence!
But Thou, thy best Insinuations use,
All thy prov'd Stock of Flatteries produce.

Talk.

Talk of Rich Hair, of Precious Darting Eyes,
 Of Snowy Breasts and Heav'nly Fooleries.
 With Joy the Chaste their Beauties praises hear,
 The Virgins strive with pain t'improve their Share.
Juno her self for Conquest did contend,
 And Virgin *Pallas* to the Prize pretend.
 The Peacock prais'd, displays his painted Plumes,
 But hides his Pride if no Admirer comes.

Yet spare no Vows, false Vows have often done,
 Fear not t'invoke a God to ev'ry one.
Jove smiling hears the Perjuries of Love,
 And bids the Winds those Senseless Ties remove.
 Himself by *Styx* to *Juno* heretofore,
 A thousand little Falsties has swore,
 And favours still the Lover Perjurer. }

'Tis good there should be Gods, and thence they are.
 And 'cause they are, 'tis good that we should fear.
 They sleep not unconcern'd in slothful Ease,
 Keep Innocence, the Watchful *Numen* sees.

Be true to Friendship, and to Heaven sincere,
Your Hands from Blood or Bribery keep clear.
But Woman only let your Vows deceive,
Those Frauds alone just Heaven will forgive.
You act but as the Instrument of Heaven.
To punish Those so much to Cheating given.
'Tis just That Perjur'd Sex with those should meet,
Whose Falshood may their Perjuries requite.
Thus the Inventor of the Brazen Bull,
First bellow'd thence his own Prodigious Soul.
Just *P^{ro}balaris*! who made the Monster's Heart
Season the Horrid Off-spring of his Art.

And let her see some Tears upon your Eye,
The strongest Heart could ne'r their Pow'r defie.
But if, like them, your Tears you can't command,
Like them Dissembling, feign 'em with your Hand.
What Novice can that weighty Point omit,
With Kisses to recruit his falt'ring Wit?

Sh'ell

She'll strive at first, and call you naughty Man,
 But only strives, that you may seem to gain.
 Tho struggling often may divide the Bliss,
 Yet snatch the Pieces of the broken Kifs.
 Only be careful lest the present pain,
 Make Her of Rudeness in your Kifs complain.
 Who e'r retreats, when he thus far has gone,
 Deserves to lose the Victories h'as won;
 How almost was He Master of the Town!
 Such Clownish Rudeness no Pretence can frame,
 Such more then-Bashfulness that wants a Name!
 You call it Force, but They that Force require;
 And seem unwilling, when they most desire.
 She that by Force commits the sweet Offence,
 Pleas'd with the Sin, enjoys the good Pretence.
 And She who might be forc'd, yet scapes away;
 Is vex'd within, tho She dissemble Joy.

For instance hear a Love Intrigue of old,
 (An Instance not unworthy to be told.)

Venus had paid Prince *Paris* for his Vote,
 And *Helen* to the Trojan Court was brought;
 The Grecian Chiefs to *Menelaus* swore,
 By force to fetch her from the Asian Shore.
Achilles only the Appointment fail'd, (vail'd.)
 While Woman's Chastity his Blooming Valour }
 Base Act, but that a Mothers Tears prevail'd! }
 Fond Prince! thy Hands and Distaffill agree,
 The Weighty Spear much better suits with Thee.
 In the same Room a Royal Virgin lies,
 (The Siege much safer, and a Nobler Prize! }
 She quickly finds the Hero in Disguise. }
 Finds him more fit for Storms and Bloody Wars,
 Regardless of a Virgins Crys or Tears.
 'Tis fit we think, by Force, he won the Field,
 Yet she submitted to that Force to yield.
 How often after, when he left her Bed,
 Call'd out betimes where Fame and Danger led.

G

How

How often smiling was he heard to say,
"And will you tempt your Ravisher to stay?
"Can He deserve soft Looks, or winning Charms.
"Who by rude Force at first possess'd your Arms.

That Fop is strangely fond of his fair Face,
Who e'r expects that She should ask the Grace.

No; let the Man his best persuasions use,
She offers fairly, if she don't refuse.

Thus *Jove* of old the Ladies humbly woo'd,
But none first courted ev'n that mighty god.
But if Submission swell her haughty mind,
With-drawing by degrees may make her kind.

Some hating what they may at Will obtain,
Love only what is difficult to gain.

Yet do not always your lewd Hopes profess,
Love may gain Entrance under Friendship's Dress.
I've known that Cheat with the severest pass,
The Friend soon dies, and Lover takes his place.

To

To look pale too may of Importance be,
 Tho in this Point the Doctors disagree.
 Yet thro the Woods *Orian* love-sick ran.
 And *Daphnis* for his Nymph look'd pale and wan.
 And leanness too does Passion well express,
 Joyn'd with neglect unusual in your Dress.
 Late Watchings bring the strongest Body down,
 And Cares and Griefs too well by Lovers known.
 These means may gain your end, and pity move,
 When all the World shall say, Poor Man, you love!

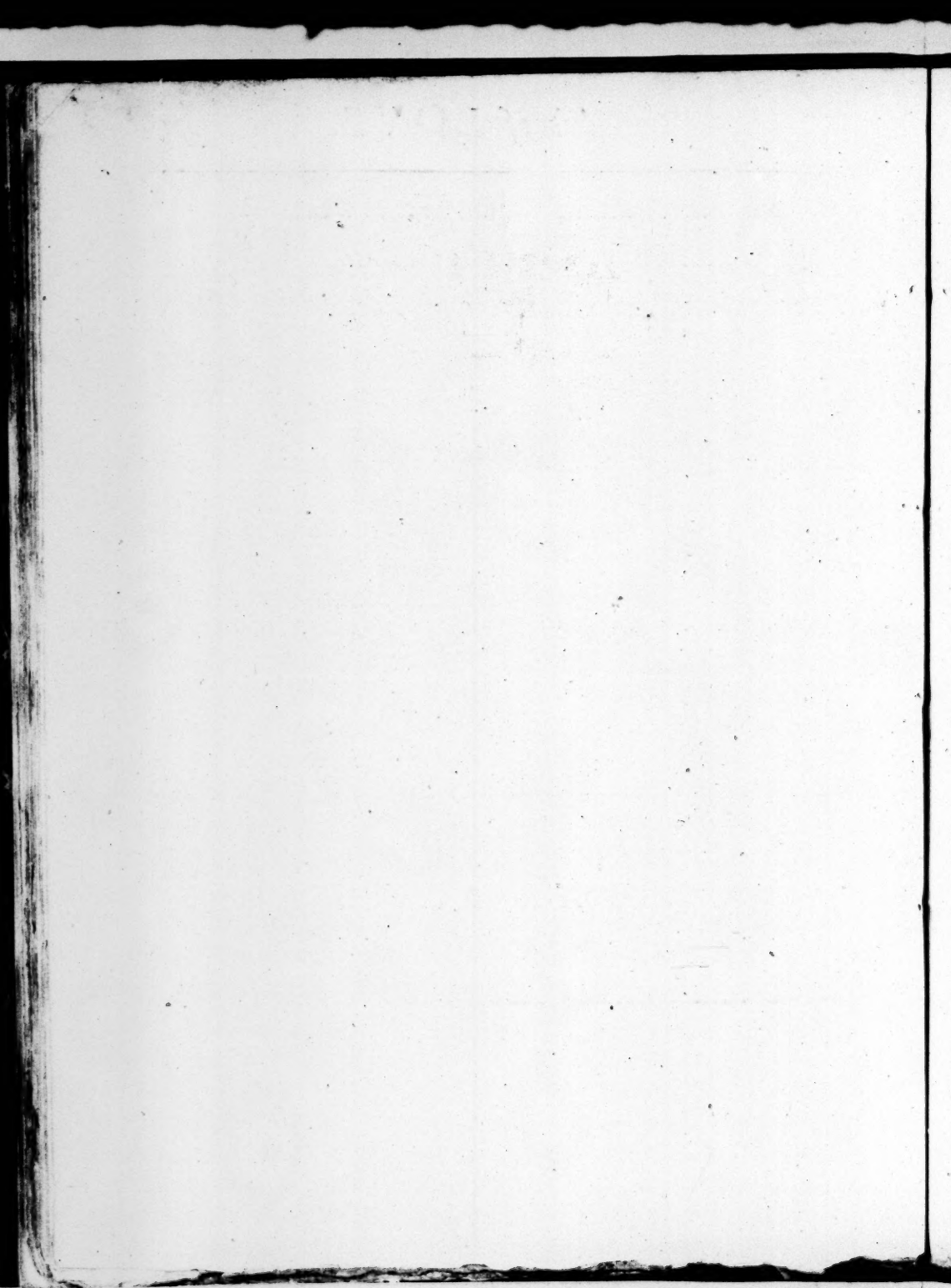
But here I would a while my Precepts end,
 And some few minutes to complaining lend.
 Friendship and Honour! — All an empty Name!
 Neglected as the Heads whence first they came.
 Trust not your Passion with the Man you love,
 He'll be the first your Int'rest to remove.
 Yet Brave *Patroclus* was to Friendship just,
 And some few more perhaps have kept their Trust.

But whoe'r hopes the like to find,
May hope as well to fail against the Wind.
Baseness alone we act with Appetite,
And no man looks beyond his own Delight.
W'are so ill-natur'd in the base Offence,
Another's Pain commends it to our Sense.
In Love an Open Enemy neglect,
Fear only those whom you could least suspect.
A Kinsman, Brother, or a Confident,
May make your Easie Faith too late repent.
And now to close up all, I shall produce
One Constant Rule of Universal Use.
A Thousand diff'rent Humours you shall meet,
A Thousand Arts those diff'rent Humours hit.
One spot of Ground shall luscious Grapes supply,
The next to Olives only shall agree.
The Skilful Lover must with Care allot
The Vine or Olive to their proper spot.

Like

Like *Proteus* must a Thousand Faces wear,
A Tree, an Horse, a Lyon, or a Bear,
Be pleasant, airy, stately, or severe.
Nor the same Snares for diff'rent Ages set,
The Experienc'd Hunted Hind will spy the Net.
If to the Bashful Wild, Great to the Mean.
Courtly and Gay to the Ill-bred you seem;
Each soon of such Accomplishments despairs;
And lest she should be quickly nauseous, fears.
Hence 'tis the Flutt'ring Spark goes often home,
Out-rivall'd by the duller Brawny Groom.

T H E E N D.



Hero and Leander

O F

M U S A E U S.

From the GREEK.

Sing, gentle Muse, the Torch well-known to Fame,
The silent Witness of a Nobler Flame;
And Him, who thro' th' divided Waves did haste,
Tides of stoln Joys and Midnight Bliss to taste.
Methinks I hear *Leander* on his way,
The Am'rous Waves about his Body play.
The Faithful Torch almost consum'd, I hear,
That flaring tells glad *Hero*, he is near.

The

The Torch, a proper Emblem of their Love,
 Whose well-known Service merits a remove,
 To shine for ever 'mongst the Stars above;
 And conscious of these Lover's Vows, dispence
 On us below a gentler Influence.

Long was it ~~Confident~~ to their Amours,
 And told th' approach of their kind melting hours.
 Till the rough Winds a fatal War did move,
 (Unequal Foes for the soft Tighs of Love!)
 At once destroying in an envious strife

The Torch; the Flame of Love; *Leander's* Life.

Two Neighbours, *Sestus* and *Abydus*, stand
 Viewing each other from the opp'site Strand;
 But Love, whose Will the Seas in vain oppose,
 Whose Boundless Power no Contradiction knows;
 At once reach'd both with one unerring Dart.
 Here struck a Careless Youth, and touch'd his Heart.
 There made a Nymph unwillingly complain,
 (What they too rarely do!) of equal Pain.

Abydus's

Abydus's Glory, young *Leander* came,
 And *Hero*, Flower of *Sestus*, met his Flame.
 If Chance, or Bus'ness call ye out that way,
 You still the Ruins of the Tower may see.
 Where anxious *Hero* with the Taper stood,
 To guide her Lover thro' th'opposing Flood.
 May stand, concern'd your self upon the Shore,
 And hear the Melancholy Waters roar,
 That seem *Leander's* Death still to deplore.

The Lovely *Hero*, sprung of Noble Blood,
 Priestess all Day in *Venus* Temple stood:
 All Night from Friends upon the Neighb'ring Sea
 In a lone Tower that other *Venus* lay.
 She ne'r with other Ladies us'd t'engage,
 Censure the Wits and Beauties of the Age.
 Nor in wild Masques, or Wanton Balls delight,
 With Chosen Youths to spend the am'rous Night.
 But with rich Gums and costly Spices strove
 To keep propitious the Dread Queen of Love.

H

Would

Would sometimes Hyacinths and Roses bring;
And sometimes Odes on her *Adonis* sing.
And willing too to make Blind Love her own,
The hov'ring *Cupids* she would often Crown.
In vain she strove to bribe him to be kind,
He's Deaf to Promises, t' Oblations Blind:
It was the Time they Yearly Honours pay,
When *Venus* and *Adonis* name the Day.
A Time by Sestians honour'd above all;
An Ancient and much Reverenc'd Festival.
The Neighb'ring Youth heard an uncertain Fame,
And flocking all from *Thrace* and *Cyprus* came.
The softer Sex *Cythera* empty left;
Abydos was of all her Men bereft.
They to the Altar Costly Presents pay,
But their Devotion lies another way.
Beauty, the Toy fond Lovers deifie,
Beauty draws in the Crowding Votary.

A Power in Charming Smiles and Killing Eyes,
Requires the Bleeding Heart for Sacrifice.
But now Fair *Hero* thro the Fane made way,
Dress'd to perform the Duties of the Day.
An Air Majestique reign'd thro out her Face,
Sweetn'd by many a Complying Grace.
The Ancient Lovers but Three Graces found,
And by that Test was Perfect Beauty crown'd.
But *Hero's* Beauty, more Divine than that,
With ev'ry Look new Graces did Create.
And wantonly about each careless Eye
An hundred hov'ring Graces seem'd to play.
Oh Priestesses, worthy of the Queen of Love!
Worthy, next her, to Rule the Gods above!
She who all Beauties do's excel like you,
At once may Priestesses seem, and Goddess too.
The Youths around burn with unhallow'd Fires;
Love Blazes out, and dwindling Zeal Expires:

In vain the Wretches turn their Eyes away,
 The Killing Species on their Fancy prey.
 Too late do's their prepos't'rous Care begin,
 Who shut the Gates when th'Enemy's got in.
 Where-e'r she went, or whatsoe'r was done,
 Her Lovely Motion and sweet Mien drew on
 The Eyes, the Heart, the Soul of ev'ry one. }
 But One of all the rest to ease his pain,
 Thus gavé his Passion vent: —

Oft have I seen the Place they *Sparta* call,
 Where Beauty's Empire is the Prize of all;
 But ne'r did yet so fair a Creature meet:
 So young! so sweet! so ev'ry way compleat!
 Long have I gaz'd 'twixt Trouble and Delight,
 While the Bright Object dazzl's my Dull Sight.
 Yet still I gaze, and find with weary Eyes,
 The Sight of Her, like Heav'n, ne'r satisfies.
 Oh, I could smile, and Thousand Deaths defie,
 Might I, enjoying Thee, Blest *Hero*, die!

Would'st

Would'st Thou but favour my Ambitious Love,
I'd envy not the Mighty Blifs of *Jove*.

No, I would scorn his Pageantry and Show,
And here enjoy a Real Heaven below.

But thou, who do'st my tender Passion see,
Great *Venus*, hear thy Humble Votary.

If from thy Priestests I must find Despair,
Grant me at least a Nymph resembling Her.

Thus spoke the Youth, and ev'ry Stander by
Joyn'd in his Wishes with an Hearty Sigh.

And now another in his lab'ring Brest,
Attempts to stifle the Outragious Guest.

But the Close Room frustrates his fond Desire,
Augmenting while it hides the Raging Fire.

At last *Leander* the Infection took,
Disguis'd by Love under a Gentle Look.
He had been told Love was a Killing Pain,
And vow'd he would not die, and not complain.

He :

He vow'd he could not without *Hero* live,
 And She should cure the Wounds her Eyes did give.
 Thus for a while he brav'd; but Busie Love
 About his Heart did now too active prove.
 And now the Symptoms on his Fate begin
 To shew the sad Disorders are within.
 There Fear, and Shame, Amaze and Boldness move,
 The Dire Ingredients of the Poison Love.
 Now Hope and Joy his raviisht Breast possess,
 With Thousand pleasing Images of Bliss;
 Like little Tastes of Future Happiness. }
 Thro ev'ry Vein flows in a Liquid Fire,
 A full Spring Tide of Vehement Desire.
 Ah! Happy Youth, could'st thou thus ever burn,
 But thy Cold Fit (alas!) do's soon return!
 While with her Beauty he his Merit weighs,
 This pale Despair, Confusion that conveys.
 At last with Seeming Boldness in his Face,
 (For Fear and Shame still linger'd on the Place)

Thro

Thro Crowds of Gazing Rivals he made way,
 Till his Deportment could not scape her Eye.
 And now with folded Arms and lifted Eyes,
 With wishing Glances, and Expressive Sighs,
 The Rhetorique by Nature first design'd,
 He strove to move the Lady's gentle mind.
Leander's meaning she did soon perceive,
 And for the Conquest secret Joy conceive.
 Women are Riddles no man can unfold,
 Whom baffled Contradictions cannot hold.
 Concern'd they read the Cheats of Errantry,
 And weep when the *Chimæra*-Lovers die:
 But when true Sighs of Death require their Tears,
 When Love in all his Ghastly Shapes appears,
 No more that Female Softness they retain,
 Their Tyrant Eyes Enjoy the Real Pain.
 They cry out Fire at ev'ry Painted Flame,
 Unmov'd when Burning Towns their Pity claim.

Yet

Yet Signs of Kindness she would oft betray,
And turnth' Obliging Lovely Sight that way.
Then suddenly away her Eyes would snatch,
As if She fear'd he had observ'd too much.
Such Cruel Kindness does the Flash of Light,
That shews the Way, and leaves us in the Night.
Yet the fond Youth can scarce his joy contain,
Pleas'd with the Hopes he has not sigh'd in vain.
But now the long-wish'd Evening came on,
When all the Bus'ness of the Day was done.
His Courage with the Darkeness do's increase,
And boldly now he ventures an Address.
At first her lovely Hand he gently prest,
Then in a tender Sigh his Mind exprest.
Without Reply she took her Hand away,
But then a Kind inviting Look bids stay;
Willing the feign'd Resentment to betray.
No sooner he perceiv'd her wav'ring Mind,
Half angry now, now willing to be kind.

But

But strait a Hated Rudeness he put on,
To save her Honour, forfeiting his own.
By Force he leads her to a close Recefs,
By Force to Her, but to Himself no less.
With faint Resistance She his Force withstood,
And fain would seem unwilling if She cou'd.

At last, What means this Rudeness, Sir, She said,
This Salvage Usage to a spotless Maid?
Unhand me, and be gone without Reply,
The Fury of my Injur'd Kinsmen fly.
Are not my Office, and this Holy Place
Sufficient Guards against Designs so base?
At least, if you regard not Innocence,
My Shrieks shall call in some to my Defence.

She threatn'd highly, but *Leander* knew
Spight of this Heat a Conquest would ensue.
For Women like Distressed Souldiers are,
When an hard Siege has drove 'em on Despair.

Here Drums they beat, and Trumpets there are
blown,
And all their Strength upon the Walls is shown;
But if this fail, they strait resign the Town.

My Goddess, then says he (for Form like thine,
And such Perfection needs must be Divine:)
Hear the hard measure to me dealt by Fate,
And let me have your Pity, or your Hate;
(But sure you'll pity the Unfortunate!)

Who e'r that Face, those Fatal Eyes does see,
Is forc'd to Love of strong necessity.

And whate'r Out-rages Love may commit,
Are Irresistible Effects of It.

And certainly such Goodness never can
First cause the Sin, and then condemn the Man.
Your Office too pleads strongly in my Cause,
For *Venus* Priestesses should perform her Laws.
Virgin and Priestesses here so ill agree;
They seem a Contradiction to me.

But

But since for *Venus* you such Honour have,
 For her lov'd sake admit me for your Slave.
 Of fair *At'lanta* you must needs have read,
 By what dire means she shunn'd the Marriage Bed,
 And vow'd her Virgin Honour to retain,
 (Which like true Honour, must be kept with Pain,)
 Till angry *Venus*, not enduring more,
 Made her love him, she fanci'd least before.
 If not to me, to your dear Self be kind,
 You may provoke your Goddess in this mind.

These Artful Words his Argument made good;
 With fixed looks upon the ground she stood,
 A Conscious Blush o'r-ran her beauteous Face,
 A Blush that spoke the Conquest of the Place.
 The Charming Accents ran thro' ev'ry Vein,
 Conveying gentle Heat and pleasing Pain.
 But Vertue warm'd by the new Heat of Love,
 The Frozen Snake within began to move.

And now with Rage th' Intestine Wars begin,
While meeting Heat and Cold ferment within.
The Dire Extreames of Both by turns prevail,
The Intermittting Love and Fear make Hell.
One while on Points of Honour she reflects,
And all th'Evasions of fond Love rejects:
Then on *Leander's* goodly Shape would look,
Saw his Sweet Strength, and was with wonder struck,
That silent Rhetorique renews her Pain,
Whispers soft Love, and fans the Fire again.
Thus Love and Vertue struggle in her Brest,
Loth to resign, unable to resist.
Nor stood the Youth unmov'd, or idly by,
He saw the War, and pray'd for Victory.
When cruel Modesty with-drew from's sight
The Source of endless, ravishing Delight,
His eager Eyes would on new Pleasures feast;
The Epicures devour'd her Neck and Breast.

Like

Like Gods, they dwelt on those soft Hills of Snow,
Unmov'd with little Accidents below: }

But oh! how fast did the Short Ever flow!

At last all Bars her Swelling Passion broke,
And quite o'rcome in kinder words she spoke.

Your words the roughest,hardest Rock might move,
Might warm a Statue with the Sense of Love.

Where could you learn this base, destroying Art,

With such slight Toils to take a careless Heart!

Or what ill Fate? — Why were you hither brought,

Where I, alas, must hazard being caught?

But yet in vain you spread your subtile snare,

A wandering Stranger ne'r my Heart shall share.

Or if I would; my Parents have design'd

I never shall in Marriage Bonds be joyn'd.

Parents, like Gods, cause they our Being give,

Claim o'r our Wills a hard Prerogative.

Their Creatures they dispose of at their Will,

Nor must we question whether well or ill.

My

My Virgin Honour and Unspotted Fame,
To treat on baser Articles disclaim,
Honour and Fame which on our weaker side
Heav'n has ordain'd our feeble Reasons Guid.
No ; blast me Heavens ! if e'r this Breast consent
To wrong the blessed Guardians you have lent.
Suppose you should a Stranger here remain,
(Not that I'd have you feed on Hope so vain)
And I your Passion kindly entertain.

How long, alas, could we each other bless,
Some soon would trace out our stoln Happiness !
Men love to talk, and what was never done
Has oft been buzz'd thro this Cenforious Town.
Howe'r your Name and Countrey I would know,
So I may Pity, tho not Love allow.

To yonder Tower confin'd with Tales I strive
(The Entertainment my Old Nurse can give !)
To drive the Melancholy Hours away,
Hours that return with ev'ry tedious day !

The

The dreadful Waves too often thither press,
 No other Visitants can gain access;
 'Tis all the kindness my ha'd Friends express!
 The Ladies fly the Inauspicious Ground,
 No Gentle Youths there dance to Musick's sound.
 The only Musick that e'r reaches me,
 Is the harsh Roaring of the neighb'ring Sea.

}

This said, again she hid her Heav'nly Face,
 For Crowding Blushes now came on apace.
 And half relaps'd do's her ill Conduct blame,
 That she should trust a Stranger with her Fame.
 Each word the tender Lover almost kills,
 His Thoughts are bent how to redress these Ills.
 How they might Double Bliss, stoln Love, enjoy,
 And all the Spight of Place or Friends desie.

Madam, at last the gentle Youth replies,
 (But first lets fall some deep prevailing Sighs:)
 Shall empty Nothings this Delight oppose,
 Who scorns the Malice of all Real Foes?

Honour

Honour and Fame are nothing unto me,
Who for your Love dare venture thro the Sea.
Tho swoln with Dangers, dreadful Tempests roar,
And shipwrackt Barks lie scatter'd on the Shoar.
The Face of Danger I can never fear,
While to those happy Arms my Course I steer:
'Twill raise the Price of all our future Joys,
(If ought the Price of Joys Immortal raise,)
To think with how much Danger they were got,
Not cheaply purchast at the Common Rate.
Yes: I will leave *Abydos* ev'ry Night,
And cross the Seas, as Love and you invite.
You on the Tower a lighted Torch provide;
Your Messenger of Love, your Lovers Guide.
Thus I will be the little Bark of Love,
Your Torch the Star by which the Bark does move.
Yet one thing sits on my ill-boding Mind,
Beware, Fair Maid, the flatt'ring faithless Wind;

Left

Left I on unseen Dangers should be tost.
 And your poor little Barque should so be lost.
 My Cautions rise not from a sense of fear,
 But who so soon would lose a Love so dear !
 And , Dearest Maid, since you would know my
Leander I, your Blest Adorer, am. (Name, }
 Ambition could no greater Titles claim.

This, and much more, the loving Pleader said,
 Gaining by slow degrees the Charming Maid.
 Upon these Terms at last they both agree,
 She to provide the Torch , He crosses the Sea.
 Thrice by the Goddess of the Place they swore,
 Thrice with close Kisses ratifi'd the Amour.
 After such Earnest of their future Joy,
 To the next Night Sh'adjourn'd th'unwilling Boy.
 Oft they agreed upon the parting Look,
 Yet after many a last Kiss he took.
 With much ado, he parts, and as he went,
 The ills of future Errors to prevent,

Oft times he stopt, and oft Remarques he made,
 Which thro the Night might to her Lodgings lead.
 The Following Morn creeps lazily away,
 Each Minute seems to him a tedious Day.
 Both Wine and Wit their boasted Vertue lose,
 And time stands still to him, which flies to those.
 The helpless Lover wanders up and down,
 And hopes in vain to lose it in the Town.
 What e'r he does, or wherefoe'r he goes,
 Th' appointed Hour; Th' appointed Hour pursues.

But now the welcome Night brought all Things
 A Stranger only to *Leander's* Breast. (Rest,

Already He was at the Water's side,
 Waiting with pain the Rising of his Guide,
 The Star of Love; which might to humane Eyes,
 Like others, seem out of the Sea to rise.

Hero no less Impatient of Delay,
 Sets up the Torch to call the Youth away.

The

The grateful Object quickly reacht his Sight,
But Planet-like shot Heat as well as Light.
Heat that renew'd his Extasie of Pain,
Doubling the rage of ev'ry boiling Vein.
Whate'r in other Things the Stars dispence,
'Tis plain the Stars of Love do Influence.
Fearful at first he saw the threat'ning Waves,
Roul by in horrid Scenes of gasping Graves.
But soon those Childish Fancies disappear,
And Love confutes his Superstitious Fear.

An hopeless Choice, said He, is left to me,
The Rage of Love, or Fury of the Sea!
On hard Extreame the hopeless Wretch is thrown,
Whose Fatal Liberty is, Burn, or Drown!
Who can the Outragious Flames of Love endure,
Yet those dire Flames are gentler than their Cure.
Their Cure had been a calm obliging Sea,
But that's as deaf and merciless as they.

Yet I will in, and all it's threat'nings brave,
The Waters shall this Burning Structure save.
By Birth to *Venus* they Allegiance owe,
Venus the Witness of our Midnight Vow.

This said, He strait his lovely Body stript,
And boldly on the foaming Billows leapt.
His Manly Strength th' opposing Waves divides,
In stately Pride, like some Sea-god, he rides :
Himself at once the Barque and Mariner,
Himself the Pilot, and the Passenger.

Hero mean-while all pale and trembling stood,
With fruitless cries, invoking the deaf Flood.
She watch'd from whence each envious Blast took
And held her Mantle to defend the Light. (flight,
Thus having reach'd the welcome *Sestian* Shore,
The Weary'd Youth stood shivering at her Door.
The drops still fell from his rich Auburn Hair,
When she with silent Joy embrac'd him there.

Then

Then to her richly furnish'd Chamber led,
Furnisht with Works her own fair hand had made.
There they sweet Oyls and Essences provide,
To stanch th' offensive Odour of the Tide.
Scarce yet recover'd on her Bed he lies,
While she with eager Joy his Limbs survey's.
Then all o'r Love she clasp's him in her Arms,
Let's fall soft words endear'd with Thousand Charms.

My Joy! for me what Dangers hast thou known,
What generous Wonders ha's thy Passion shown.
My Joy! What Deaths hast thou embrac'd for me?
Thy Love as full, and boundless as the Sea!
No Lover yet this Noble Height e'r flew;
This mighty Paradox was kept for you.
Thy weary'd Spirits on this Breast relieve;
If *Hero's* Breast any Relief can give!

Hero—————

At which he stopt her with a Kiss,
Impatient grown for more Substantial Bliss.

The

The Flames within peep thro their Glowing Eyes,
And shoot by turns fresh Vigour, as they rise.
With ill experienc'd, and untimely Hast,
They urge those Joys which flew themselves too fast.
Till quite o'rwhelm'd in meeting Tides of Fire,
The weary'd Lovers languish and expire.
Then in kind wishing Looks and fainting Sighs
Away the envious short-liv'd Blessing flies.
But quickly they renew the am'rous Heat,
Pursuing Death so exquisitely Sweet.
And then agen with furious Hast they Love,
Practice new Charms; each Wanton Art improve.
As if they meant the fleeting Hours t'o'rtake,
To pay with Int'rest past Enjoyments back.
But still at Heaven arriv'd, they faint and die,
Unable to support th' Excess of Joy.
Thus flow'd the gentlest, dearest, kindest Night,
Each Minute meas'ring Ages of Delight.

No

No Dance, or Musick, or Untimely Rites,
Defer'd their Bliss, those crowd the Marriage Nights,
When Fools their loathsome Jestings can't refrain,
But Barb'rously make Sport with those in Pain,
And while the Man lies tortur'd by her side,
Impertinently kill the Longing Bride.
A silent Lamp help'd to compleat the Joy,
Which glaring Nuptial Torches would destroy.
The Nights alone to these Stealths conscious were,
The hasty Morn ne'r found *Leander* there.
Still with regret her dearest Arms he left,
Of ready Love unwillingly bereft.
She with Loose Gown suspicion do's avoid,
Virgin by day, by night more blest'd than Bride.

Thus they a while in stoll'n Embraces live,
'Midst all the Sweets successful Love can give.
Th'Inconstant Moon oft chang'd her Face, and came,
Yet always found their faithful Love the same.

The

The Flowing Sea embrac'd the naked Shore,
And left the Mistriſs which he kiſs'd before.
But ſtill no Ebb was in their Paſſion found,
The growing Sea of Love got daily Ground.
But the ſhort Date cheapen's all humane Things!
The Winter haſt's with Storms upon its Wings.
Impetuous Blaſts the ſwelling Surges raiſe,
Unheard of Fury rages on the Seas,
(In vain the Lovers wiſh for *Halcyon Days*!)
The Saylor's fear ſuch Hazards to endure,
Their Ships ev'n in the Port are ſcarce ſecure.
No noiſe of Hazards can *Leander* move,
No Storms affright the Vent'rous Barque of Love.
Deſire impoſes on his cred'lous Eye,
And ſhews the Danger leſs, the Tower more nigh.
The Torch Invites, and he muſt away,
Spight of the threatening Fury of the Sea.
Hero ſhould grant a gentle Reſpite now,
And Grievous Abſence for a while forgoe:

Not

Not still the fatal, tempting Torch prepare,
 When not one Star i'th' Heavens durst appear.
 The Ladys Heart to pity was inclin'd,
 But Love and Fate had harsher things design'd.
 The Cloudy Night did double Darkness shew,
 Mourning the black Decrees it seem'd to know.
 But oft from bursting Clouds broke forth a Light,
 Height'ning the horror of the dismal Night.
 Loud Peals of Thunder roul along the Skie,
 The Seas roar louder, and those threats defie.
 And now the Winds begin the fatal War,
 The cruel Winds their fiercest Blasts prepare;
 While poor *Leander* strove, but strove in vain,
 Through all their Rage the *Sestian* shoar to gain.
 Here swelling Waters in vast Mountains rise,
 There dreadful Vallies gape before his Eyes.
 In vain the Youth his fruitless Pray'rs directs,
 And from his Sea-born Goddess help expects.

L

In

In vain with Crys and Vows on *Neptune* calls,
Promising Trophies to his Temple Walls.
Yet stubborn *Boreas* he did almost move,
So well he pleaded for his Faithful Love!
The blust'ring Wind more gentle oft became,
Pleas'd with the sound of *Orithya's* Name.
But no Complaints can the deaf Seas assuage,
Complaints and Sighs seem to encrease their Rage.
The wonted strength fails his forsaken Feet;
No more his weary'd Hands the Waters beat:
No more thro meeting Waves he breaks away.
They bear in Triumph now the wretched Prey.
And now the Winds (but who thy Fate can tell,
And not one sigh for thee, poor Youth, let fall!)
The cruel Winds their utmost Malice shew,
Compleating with one cursed Blast thy Wo:
A cursed Blast put out th' unlucky Light,
And with the Light *Leanders* Life took flight.

Here

Hero mean-while wakeful and listning lay,
Dreading the cause of his unusual stay.
Her fear too soon the fatal cause presents,
But willing Hope a fond pretence invents;
That he would never venture thro that Night.
Should new Delights, and unknown Joys invite.
But then a Noise below she seem'd to hear,
And rose and cry'd; Then are you come my Dear!
But soon of Speech and Senses was bereft,
Such ill Effects the Disappointment left!
And now Sick Fancy shews Him to her Eyes,
What will not Fancy help'd by Night devise!
Beside her Bed the dropping Lover stood,
Breathless and panting from the toilsom Flood.
In vain she tempts him with a thousand Charms,
The pleasing Image fly's her Empty Arms.
By such Delusions wreck'd she pass'd the Night.
Till Day return'd wth Conscious Mournful Light.

She

She rose all sad, and clouded as the Day,
And view's with Causcious Fear the dreadful Sea.
But Fancy, willing to deceive her Fear,
Now shew's him wandring there, now ev'ry where,
Fancy no longer can abuse her eyes,
It shew's False Things, but cannot true disguise.
She finds at last the bruis'd, torn Body lay'd,
Beneath the Tower, by some kind Wave convey'd.
She saw the Killing Sight, and rent her Gown,
And with a sudden shriek leap'd headlong down.
'Thus liv'd the Faithful Pair, thus faithful Dy'd.
Nor could harsh Death the Loving Flame divide.
No Love so true e'r found so hard a Fate,
None e'r so ill deserv'd so short a Date.

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